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PHOTOGRAPHING IN OLD ENGLAND

W·I·LINCOLN ADAMS

KG 399

Magdalen College from the Cherwell, Oxford.

Photographing in Old England

BY

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

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PHOTOGRAPHING IN OLD ENGLAND

With Some Snap Shots in Scotland and Wales

BY

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

Editor of The Photographic Times
Author of "Sunlight and Shadow"
"In Nature's Image," etc. etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from Nature, by the Author and Others

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TO MY WIFE
AND DAUGHTER ELIZABETH
COMPANIONS OF MY JOURNEYS
IN OLD ENGLAND

Magdalen College from the Cherwell, Oxford.

Photographing in Old England

PAGE

A Welsh Cottage 59
Coniston Lake from Beacon Craig (by G. P. Abraham) 62
Wythburn Church 63
The Home of the Swans, Wray Castle, Windermere (by G. P. Abraham) 64
Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's House (by G. P. Abraham) . . . 65
Old Mill at Ambleside (by G. P. Abraham) 66
"Brantwood," Ruskin's House at Coniston (by G. P. Abraham) . . 67
Great Gable—The Needle Arête (by G. P. Abraham) 68
Yewbarrow, Wast Water 69
Derwent Bridge (by G. P. Abraham) 70
Ruins of Melrose Abbey 74
Abbotsford 75
Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat 76
The Trossachs, "Where Twines the Path" 77
Brig o' Forth and Crag Mohr 78
A Highland Cottage 79
Oban Harbor by Twilight 80
Cottages near St. Boswell's 82
Ely Cathedral, West Tower 84
Canterbury Cathedral 85
York Minster from the City Wall 85
Durham Cathedral 86
York Minster Towers 87
Interior of Lincoln Cathedral 88
York Minster 89
Central Tower and North Transept, Lincoln Cathedral 90
Chester Cathedral from the Churchyard 91
Nelson Monument, Trafalgar Square 94
Houses of Parliament 95
In Rotten Row 95
Thames Embankment, from Hungerford Bridge 96
Westminster Abbey 97
St. Paul's Cathedral 98
London Tower and Bridge 99
Loch Katrine and Ben Venue 104
Ann Hathaway's Gate 105
Lynmouth 107
Taken while it Rained 109
Melrose Abbey 111
London Cabs 112

From Windsor to Oxford on the Thames

FIRST LETTER

FROM WINDSOR TO OXFORD ON THE THAMES

Bridge at Henley.

THE entire trip from London to Oxford, on the famous river Thames, is an interesting one, and well worth the two days required for making it; but that portion of the historic old stream which presents the most picturesque subjects for the camera, lies between Windsor and Henley, a distance of some twenty-five miles.

We therefore proceeded to Windsor by rail, which afforded us ample time, before the little river steamer left in the afternoon for Henley, to see the historic old castle, with its more modern palace, the very extensive and beautiful park, and to make a number of photographs there while the light was right for them.

Swans on the Thames.

Parts of Windsor castle are exceedingly old, there being present indications of the earth-works, around the central "Round Tower," or citadel, which were thrown up by the Romans after their conquest of Britain before the Christian Era. William, the Norman Conqueror, built a castle at Windsor in the eleventh century, but the oldest part of the present castle, which is still largely used in connection with the palace, as a residence by the reigning

house of England, representing additions and alterations by many monarchs, dates from Edward III. The modern restoration of the palace was begun by George IV, and finished under the late Queen Victoria, at a total cost of nearly five million dollars.

I chose for my first picture at Windsor, the half page illustration presented herewith, showing the old Norman Gateway (at the left) which is inside the old castle walls, and also (at the right) part

The Old Norman Gate in Windsor Castle.

of the ancient central Tower, with remains of the Roman earthworks around its base.

The picture of the palace exterior which is perhaps most often seen in this country, is the view of it from the famous "Long Walk," from any part of which an impressive vista is presented between the magnificent old elm trees. It can be distinctly seen from the very end of this royal walk, three miles distant. But I preferred the view which shows the entire palace and castle, from the banks of the Thames, as having greater pictorial value. Accordingly I use that picture to illustrate this letter.

The picturesque Towers of Eton College, across the river from Windsor, make an attractive distant picture; while in the extreme distance, about four miles away, may be seen, in Stoke Pogis, the ancestral home of William Penn, near which he now lies buried, with his kindred.

As we leave Windsor and gently steam up the river, we pass Noble country villas, on either bank, with highly developed grounds and charming gardens, extending to the very water's edge. House-boats are moored to the banks, in cozy sheltered places, in which whole families, and, indeed, quite large house parties, are made extremely comfortable. The river itself is very gay, and full of life and color, on a fair day like this, with "punts," barges, shallops, and motor boats. We pass lock after lock, on our winding journey, all perfectly kept, and brilliant with many-colored flower beds and gardens.

The sun shines in England, even in summer, on an average of not more than one day in the seven; so that photographing, when

Windsor Castle from the Thames.

Old City Wall at New College, Oxford.

skies are blue and clouds are fleecy white, with shadows broad and transparent, is not often possible here. Fortune smiled on us on this occasion, however, and I was able to make a number of pleasant snapshots from the deck of our little steamer, and from the river banks, when we stopped at the locks. The initial letter illustration is one of these, showing the bridge at Henley near which is the boat house of the famous Leander club. Another shows a group of swans, which are very numerous along the entire length of the Thames.

And so we glide on, past Cliveden, that noble seat which Mr. W. W. Astor purchased from the Duke of Westminster and presented to his son. It stands on a wooded eminence several hundred feet above the river and where a bend in the stream gives a view of

it many miles in extent. Then we pass on to the quaint old town of Marlow (pronounced "Morrow") "the Mecca of fishermen," and where dear old Izaak Walton himself used to angle. The excellent Inn here is called, after his classic, "The Complete Angler."

At Henley we complete our trip for the day, but there was still sufficient light on these long English summer afternoons to make the pictures referred to above, which illustrate this letter. The bridge here is a most pictorial subject; so, too, is the Red Lion Inn, where we lay for the night. As it happened this excellent old Inn was full on this occasion, and the "Manageress," who presides over every well-regulated English Inn, had a bed put up for me in the private sitting room on the second floor. This was the room which King Charles I used as his royal bed chamber, when he visited Henley, as he frequently did; and when the old house was done over in 1889 they found on the wall, over the mantel in this room, an excellent fresco of the royal arms, which was made in 1632.

The next day the trip was resumed to Oxford; but from Henley on, the scenery is scarcely so interesting and picturesque as it is below that pretty town, though it is full of charm the entire length of the river. Our first outing in Oxford was on the classic Cherwell. The sun was kind for only a few minutes at a time on this occasion, but it stayed out long enough for the coveted view of Magdalen (pronounced "Maudlin") College Tower, and the Bridge, from the river, which is used as the frontispiece to this letter.

The next day was not so favorable, as is shown by the much softer picture of the Old City Wall at New College. But nothing can be more picturesque in nature, than this fragment of the old city wall, now in ruins, and overgrown with ivy and other luxuriant English vegetation. Oxford is a very old city, dating back to the nunnery of Saxon St. Frideswide, which was probably founded as early as in the Eighth Century. The University is supposed to have been established by the good King Alfred in 972 and the town was an important military stronghold during the Danish wars of invasion, the struggle with the Normans, and the various civil strifes which occurred in England at a later period of its interesting his-

tory. The name is a corruption of Oxenford, referring to the fact that, in earlier, ruder times, it was accessible only by an oxen ford across the historic river.

Oxford is literally teeming with the most delightful subjects for a hungry camera. I made a great many exposures while here, though space will permit of showing only two or three of my pictures. But I must refer to the one I made of a cricket match between two crack university teams, for the game seemed so tame and slow as compared with our own national sport of baseball that I could not but wonder why it should have taken so strong a hold on the British youth.

For instance, the ball is delivered to the batsman, *on the bound,* and the bat itself is a large, flat, blade-like instrument, with which one would have great difficulty *in missing the ball,* as it seems to the on-looker. As a matter of fact the ball is rarely missed, and runs are made on *foul* balls, as well as on fair ones. As a consequence the scores are enormous, frequently reaching *several hundred runs.*

The ball is thrown from the field, also, so that it reaches the player on the bound; and to an outsider, at least, there appears to be no fast, snappy plays such as characterize a closely contested baseball match. Cricket seemed a very lady-like sort of sport to me, I must confess, without difficult plays and sharply contested points. The game progresses leisurely throughout an afternoon, and, at five o'clock, all the players repair to pavilion or refreshment tent nearby, and have tea. Then the game is resumed in the same leisurely fashion until dark. Often two or three days are required to conclude a match. It seemed to me like a game which belonged rather to the class of croquet than as an athletic sport for young collegians.

But English people of every class are enthusiastic over cricket, and have been so for many generations. It is undoubtedly the national athletic sport and must possess attractions undiscernible by the outsider. The players, all in immaculate white flannels, on a closely cropped green lawn, at least make a very gay and pretty pic-

ture, which, however, does not photograph very well, particularly when taken from the distance at which I was obliged to stand, as is shown in the tail piece illustration to this letter.

I was loth to leave Oxford, for I realized the charm of the place referred to by Hawthorne in "Our Old Home," where he said: "The world, surely, has not another place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

Cricket Match at Oxford.

In Shakespeare's Country

Ann Hathaway's Cottage.

SECOND LETTER

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

Holy Trinity Church.

MY FIRST letter in this series was dispatched from the university town of Oxford, from whence we proceeded to the Royal Spa of Leamington, not that we desired the mineral waters or baths of that attractive place (though we took both!), but because it is so centrally situated for short excursions to stately old Warwick Castle, the picturesque ruins of Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon and the country thereabout, made famous by the immortal bard of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is but a short trip by coach from Leamington to the historic old town of Warwick, with its famous castle, which is one of the finest and most picturesque feudal residences in all England. Its strange, eventful history is said to run back to the days of Ethelfleda daughter of the Saxon King Alfred, who is supposed to have commenced its construction—more than one thousand years ago. The quaint old town itself is even older than that, having been originally a British settlement which was afterward occupied by the Romans. Many of the old buildings retain their mediæval appearance, and two of its old gates are still standing. Pictorial subjects enough here for the camera, and to spare.

But we made so many exposures at Kenilworth, Stratford, and elsewhere in this picturesque country, that I have selected only one of the Warwick views for reproduction here. It is the picture of the castle from the bridge which crosses the Avon at this point. It does not show much of the castle itself, but the river, the trees and their reflection in it, combine to make up a pleasing composition

Warwick Castle from the Avon.

as it seems to me. But the most beautiful thing about Warwick is the Lady Warwick! A superb picture of her by Carolus Duran, and another even more beautiful, by our own great Sargent, adorn the castle walls. I send a small reproduction of one.

Another day we drove to Kenilworth Castle, which is still beautiful in its ruins. It is probably the finest and most extensive baronial ruin in the country. It was originally founded by the chamberlain of King Henry First, Geoffrey de Clinton, about 1120, and was the scene of many desperate encounters through the stormy period of English history. It was not so fortunate as Warwick Castle, however, in being held by a "King Maker" at one time of warfare, and by a friend of Cromwell at another; for, though it once held out for half a year against a determined siege, it finally fell to the Parliamentarians, who scattered its costly collections and demolished its stately pile. Here it was that the Earl of

Stratford-on-Avon.

Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Lady Warwick.

Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth, whose chief favorite he was, in 1575, as described so fascinatingly by Sir Walter Scott in his historical romance of the same name. I give one picture of the old ruins, which shows nearly all of the castle proper, though framed in and partly covered by the trees and bushes surrounding it.

And now we come to Stratford-on-Avon, the most interesting, as it is most rich in pictorial subjects, of all the places we have yet visited with the camera. The first illustration of Stratford is a general view, showing Holy Trinity Church in the distance, where Shakespeare lies buried, and the graceful river Avon in the fore-

Interior of Shakespeare's House.

The Ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

ground flowing by it. This picture I purchased of Mr. William Stanton at "Ye Five Gables," and it seems to me a particularly excellent one.

The frontispiece is rather an unusual view of Ann Hathaway's cottage across the fields, in Shottery. Here it was that Master William used to come a-courting in "the good old times." Most pictures of the gentle Ann's cottage which I have seen in this country are taken from the road in front, which shows rather a stiff English hedge that makes a hard line across the foreground. This picture is taken from the attractive garden within the hedge, and gives what seems to me a more pictorial side view of the old thatched-roof cottage.

The initial letter illustration is a near view of Holy Trinity Church taken from the river, without a tripod, of course. And so was the picture of Shakespeare's birthplace taken. The room

The Center of England.

in which the poet was born is behind the second window from the left, on the second floor, immediately over the doorway. On that window are inscribed the names of many noted men and poets, including a large number of Americans. There are still to be seen the signatures of Thomas Carlyle, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Browning, Washington Irving, and many others. They say that more than one quarter of the thirty thousand pilgrims who annually visit this shrine, are our fellow-countrymen.

The full page illustration showing the interior of Shakespeare's library, with his own arm chair directly opposite the beholder, in

The Shakespeare Hostelrie of "Ye Five Gables."

the center of the picture, is from a photograph which I purchased for this purpose; as I had not the proper lens and outfit for this work, even if they would have allowed me to photograph these. The library contains many old books, MSS., and pictures, besides the furniture, of the greatest interest to Shakespearean students and lovers.

There are at least three places in Old England where the Anglo-Saxon, whether of the English or the American branch of the race, is very likely to experience an emotion, when he stands for the first time. And one place is that little upper chamber of the old house on Henley Street, Stratford, where the immortal bard of all English-speaking peoples was born, in 1564. Another place is the historic old Abbey in Westminster, London, where so many of the noble dead of our race lie buried. And a third place is the little island in the River Thames where the barons

required King John to sign the Great Charter which gave to Anglo-Saxons their first constitution. We passed that island on the river journey described in my first letter. Of Westminster I shall speak in a latter communication. In this letter I give a picture of Shakespeare's birthplace, which to me is the most interesting single spot to visit in all of England. I wish I might give a picture also of the low roof, humble interior; but the interior of the poet's library will have to suffice.

The remaining picture, not before mentioned, is of the handsome old oak tree, which one passes on the way from Leamington to Kenilworth, and said to stand in the very center of England. I made a number of exposures on our return trips from Kenilworth to Stratford, particularly of Guy's Cliff, and the beautiful old castle there, and the old Saxon Mill near by, which is supposed to be the oldest in all England; but space will not permit of more illustrations to this letter. We are now going to the picturesque country of North Devon, in the West of England, where I shall visit and photograph in the Land of the Doones, about which I shall write in my next letter.

In the Land of the Doones

The Doone Valley.

THIRD LETTER

IN THE LAND OF THE DOONES

On the Cliff Walk

WE CAME from Stratford-on-Avon ("In Shakespeare's Country") to the beautiful country of North Devon, in the west of England, bordering on the Bristol Channel, and here we have seen and photographed probably the wildest, grandest, and most picturesque scenery in all rural England. It is a combination of mountain landscape, rising over a thousand feet from the sea; rugged coast line with majestic "combes" or fiords suggesting, and equal in grandeur to, the noted ones of Norway; and rolling moors and downs, covered with heath, and gracefully undulating as far as the eye can reach.

My first illustration shows the little seaport town of Lynmouth at the foot of the hill, and the village of Lynton, high up on the mountain itself. Here it was we made our headquarters, as it is a particularly beautiful situation, within easy walking and driving distance of the places of greatest attraction. One of the world's famous walks encircles the headland in this picture, cut out of sheer cliff, with no parapet, or retaining wall, and winding along the mountain side hundreds of feet above the sea. My initial letter illustration suggests, but does not adequately portray the sublimity of the view from these dizzy heights.

Farther along, after passing through the wild scenery of "The Valley of Rocks," the driveway itself extends out upon the cliff and ascends the mountain's side in like manner, many hundred feet above the sea. This drive has been compared to the famous Axentrasse along the mountain edge, at Lake Lucerne in Switzerland, but to me (who have photographed on both), the cliff drive

Lynton and Lynmouth.

from Lynton in North Devon, is the more wonderful, both as an engineering feat in road-building, and in the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery which it affords.

In North Devon, not far from Lynton, is Exmoor, the Land of the Doones, made interesting for all time by the genius of Blackmore in his great novel, entitled "Lorna Doone." But apart from the literary and historical associations of Exmoor, this country is well worthy a visit for pictorial reasons, particularly by photographers. Gainsborough, the famous English painter, said it was "the most delightful place for a landscape painter this country could boast."

Badgeworthy Valley is really a very beautiful glen, in fact the most interesting in all Exmoor. From the green bottoms the land rises on either side two or three hundred feet high, to the moors above. It is in fact very like the picture which Blackmore draws of the Doone Valley and much more like his description than the out-

The Water Slide, Doone Valley

laws' haunt itself. Indeed one must be prepared for some disappointment in visiting this glen where the stalwart John Kidd wooed the fair Lorna.

Readers of the romance will remember how John went poaching up the Badgeworthy stream, and first came upon the Doone Valley. After wading some distance he reached a water slide coming in from the right. He tells the story himself as follows: "I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me without any break or hindrance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer and straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase. However, there was no side rail nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening."

Castle Rock, on the North Coast of Devon.

There was a big black pool at the foot of this slide, and, after being nearly swept away into this and drowned by the strength of the down rush, John finally managed to gain the top of the slide, more dead than alive, and almost unconscious. When he recovered he found himself in a deep, almost inaccessible glen, with a little maiden tending him. This little maiden was Lorna Doone, who had been carried away by the outlaws inhabiting this wild glen, and who lived here by preying on the people in the neighboring country-side.

How John grew to love this little maiden, how she showed him her bower in the rocks, and the secret track or "warpath" over the walls of the glen, how he visited her again and again, at the peril of his life, how he finally carried her off when the outlaws were going

A Devonshire Lane.

to marry her to their chief, and then at the head of his neighbors finally captured their stronghold and exterminated them, the reader must find in the magic pages of Blackmore's great book. We are more particularly concerned with the pictures of the place as they appear in nature at present.

The illustration of the Badgeworthy Valley is a fairly satisfactory one; but the water slide will be seen to scarcely come up to Blackmore's rather idealized description of it in his romance. The foundations of the Doone's huts may still be seen in the Doone Valley, though they do not make a particularly attractive picture. Descendants of John Kidd are actually living in Exmoor at present; but the Doones seem to have been literally exterminated; though the traditions of their terrible strength and cruelty still linger in the neighborhood, notwithstanding that it was more than two hundred years ago that these bandits lived and committed their revolting crimes here.

Another most picturesque place in this country is the little seaport town of Clovelly, with its central street rising from the sea by a series of steps, almost like a stairway. This is a famous place for artists, and the picture of High street has been reproduced on canvas and by lens and camera a great many times. The half-page picture of "A Devonshire Lane" is by some photographer unknown to me, as I purchased it in a shop. My picture of the same cozy cottage lacks the sheep, and so misses the finishing touch in the foreground. The tail piece was made by me on the cliff walk near Lynton, and shows "Ragged Jack," a picturesque old landmark on the North Coast of Devon.

In a few days we shall cross the Bristol Channel, to Cardiff, in Wales, and then proceed by rail and coach through that country of beautiful scenery; but before I describe our journey through Wales, I want to devote a little more space to the unique old fishing village of Clovelly. It is so particularly rich in pictures, so full of color and of character, that I desire to devote one letter to this subject alone. It is, moreover, the country made interesting by Charles Kingsley in "Westward Ho," and he refers to it particularly in his great book.

Ragged Jack.

Clovelly

High Street, Clovelly.

FOURTH LETTER

CLOVELLY

IN MY letter from "The Land of the Doones," I made but a brief reference to Clovelly, as space did not permit of further description there though the subject itself well deserved more extended attention.

Clovelly is probably the most picturesque village of Devon, if not of all rural England, and I desire to devote an entire chapter to it, as mentioned in my preceding letter. It is decidedly the quaintest and most unusual little village which I have yet seen or photographed in any of my journeys and is a veritable paradise for artists and photographers.

This little fishing town lies in a narrow and richly wooded valley or "combe," as they call it here, high above the sea, near the mouth of Bristol Channel, and it descends abruptly to the water's edge along a single narrow street, or rather a main stairway of stones, with perhaps a hundred cottages and cabins climbing on each side of the combe as far as the narrow space allows.

The cozy little houses themselves, each standing on a higher, or a lower, level than its neighbor, are all neatly whitewashed, with gray-green doors and lattices, and are almost literally covered with flowering vines and brightly colored blossoms. The effect of the little village, as a whole, is strikingly unusual, foreign-like, and picturesque. I was fortunate enough to be here while the roses were in bloom, and I can never forget the charm or the beauty of the place. We came to Clovelly intending to spend the day, as most tourists do, but stayed on and on under the quaint spell of the little

Clovelly.

hamlet. No wonder that Charles Kingsley loved his Clovelly, or that one lady, whose name I saw in the guest book of our little cottage, had returned to it every summer for twenty-one years.

I never longed so for the ability to work in color as I did at Clovelly. The June roses—pink, yellow, and white,—were in full bloom, and the little village was literally ablaze with color. My poor little black and white photographs give but a feeble idea of the charm of the place, particularly at this time; but small as they are I have selected a few of them to illustrate this letter.

The frontispiece picture to this letter shows the main, or High, street of the village and gives some idea of the little place as a whole. This particular photograph is so much better than the one I made of the same subject that I select it for reproduction in preference to my own. The donkeys had been placed just right by my predecessor! One of the best views, however, is looking down this main stairway, to the sea, which, far below, serves with the sky as a background to the scene. An even better picture is the one from the quay, or best of all, from the harbor (if the sea is

The Entrance to the Town.

calm) which shows the wharf in the foreground (or rather in the forewater) and the village high above. The first illustration which I show was made from the pier as the sea was too rough to photograph it from the water.

The foundations of the cottages on the water-front at this, the lower end of the hamlet, are hewn out of the living rock. This part of the town is very old, its name appearing in Domesday, and some authorities assert that there was a Roman station here even earlier than that. It is the only harbor in Bideford Bay, west of the Taw, and has been an important fishing place for a very long time.

The oldest inhabitant, who says he is ninety-four years of age (and he certainly looks it), claims that the present village is seven hundred years old. He has many wonderful tales to relate of his hairbreadth escapes by sea and land, and of those who did not escape. Every year many brave fishermen and sailors lose their lives on this perilous coast. My photograph of "The Entrance to the Town," shows this interesting old seaman in his favorite resting place at the foot of the main stairway, near the Red Lion Inn.

The Rose Cottage.

The old man seemed to take great pride in the fact that he never went to school, "except," as he said, "to Charles Kingsley's Sunday School." Kingsley was rector of Clovelly parish at one time and a married daughter of his lives here in summer at the present time. He told me, also, but somewhat confidentially, to be sure, that he personally thought "Mr. Kingsley loved riding, sailing, hunting, and fishing, *better than he loved preaching,*" but that he did all equally well. "Oh, you should have seen him jump a fence," he exclaimed in his enthusiasm, as his memory recalled the old times, "he never opened a gate or climbed a wall, but always vaulted or jumped over them."

Mr. Kingsley himself speaks as follows of Clovelly in his great book of "Westward Ho":

"And even such are those delightful glens, which cut the high table-land of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and opening each through its gorges of down and rock, towards the boundless West-

ern Ocean. Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak-wood, nearer the seas of dark furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird, black cliffs which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other, its gray stone mill, with water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide mark, where the salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its gray bank of polished pebbles down which the stream rattles towards the sea below. Each has its jagged shark-tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes;—such is the 'Mouth'—as those coves are called; and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness, of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the ship-wrecked mariner."

The initial letter illustration shows where we lived at Clovelly. The cozy little cottage is really a converted barn, the kitchen being where the stable formerly was, and our rooms were in the hay loft overhead. From King Charles' royal bed-chamber at Henley, to the hay loft of a barn in Clovelly, is quite a descent, to be sure; but our windows here looked out over the sea, and the place was profusely overgrown with rose vines and fuchsias, so that it was a veritable flowery bower, as cozy and comfortable a nest as one's heart could desire for dreamless sleep after a long day with the camera on sea and land.

Another picture shows the Rose Cottage where the old seaman lived, with his bench before it in the sun and my daughter standing

near it; while the last illustration gives a glimpse of a side stairway, branching off from the main one. I made many snapshots while here, on this main stairway and the "Back stairs," on the quay of the harbor, and on the sea; but I have already occupied all the space I should take for one of these letters. Next month we are going to Wales, where we shall make a tour en-auto through this wild and picturesque country of the north, and from there, accordingly, I shall despatch my next letter.

A Side Stairway.

Motoring in Wales

Copyrighted by

Snowdon from the Pinnacles.

G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

FIFTH LETTER

MOTORING IN WALES

Llanberis Pass.

IT IS only a short trip by steamer across the Bristol Channel, from Lynmouth, in North Devon, to the city of Cardiff, in Wales. Here excellent railroad connections can be made for Chester, which lies on the border between England and North Wales, where the wildest and most picturesque country is to be seen.

A convenient and comfortable way to tour in Wales is by motor, and Chester is the most accessible starting point. Accordingly we procured an automobile there and made an early start for the border. We passed the extensive park of Eton Hall, which is one of the seats of the wealthy young Duke of Westminster, crossed the river Dee, and we were soon in Wales, touring along excellent country roads which abound in picturesque scenery on either hand.

Our first stop was at Bala, where we stayed for lunch; then a drive around the lovely lake at Bala, and we proceed on our way, over a wild mountain pass, shrouded in mist, to the little Welsh village of Festiniog. Here another stop was made (to repair a punctured tire), and we arrived at the unique mountain resort of Bettws-y-Coed (don't try to pronounce it!) where we put up for the night.

Referring to the pronunciation of Welsh names it may be interesting to know that they are spoken not at all as they are spelled, difficult as it would be to do that! For instance, when a word begins with two *l's,* as often happens, it is pronounced as if spelled with a *thl,* e. g. Llangollen is spoken as if spelled *Thlangothlen,*

Conway Castle.

Llandudno is spoken *Thlandidno,* the *u* being pronounced as *i*; and Bettws-y-Coed (which means The Chapel in the Woods), is pronounced as if spelled *Bettoosycoed.*

The next day we drove along the picturesque Swallow River, past the Falls, a picture of which I made in passing, and on to the famous Llanberis Pass, at the highest point of which I made another picture which is shown in the initial letter illustration.

We must pause at this height,—Gorphwysfa, they call it in Welsh—the resting-place. On either side of the road are great jagged masses of rock that have fallen in bygone times from the hills above. Away in the rear you can trace the long valley, with its road winding around the hillside, going towards Beddgelert. That road offers one of the finest motoring or coaching drives in the British Islands. To the left ahead, Snowdon, with its triple

Swallow Falls.

head, towers up. To the right is the commanding height of Glyder-fawr, within less than three hundred feet of equal height to Snowdon itself. Beyond are other hills of every shape and size, impressive, fantastic, grotesque. Straight ahead to the side of Llanberis village are the beautiful twin lakes, Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris.

Welsh Landscape near Chester.

But how is one to describe Snowdon? I might quote Talfourd's pen-picture: "Of the four British mountains which possess the most powerful influence upon the imagination, Snowdon, Cader-Idris, Helvellyn, and Ben Nevis, each has its own attributes. * * * Of these mountains Snowdon forms beyond comparison the noblest aggregate, because, except on the side opposite Carnarvon, its upper portion is all mighty framework, a top uplifted on vast buttresses, disdaining the round lumpish earth, spreading out skeleton arms towards heaven, and embracing on each side huge hollows, made more awful by the red tints of the copper ore which deepens among the shadows and gleams through the scanty herbage of its loveliest pathways."

As we approach this majestic mountain, we find it wreathed in mist and crowned with clouds, as it usually is, so photographing was out of the question. The full page picture of Snowdon which illustrates this letter, as frontispiece, I obtained at a shop in Wales. It is an excellent print, by G. P. Abraham, showing the summit from the Pinnacles.

The Old Castle at Hawarden.

We now pursue our way down Llanberis Pass which has justly been called the "Chamounix of Wales," for it reveals the grandest scenery in the principality. For miles you pass between the loftiest mountains in Wales. For miles you do not pass a single house, or see a human being. Sturdy Welsh sheep alone clamber amid the boulders and the crags. There is a grand solemnity brooding over the place, and one receives here a vivid impression of the sublimity of Nature, untouched and untouchable, a sense of the infinite which swallows up one's petty humanity in an overpowering sentiment of awe. Contemplating Nature in this mood one may well repeat the old question, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man * * * ?"

From Llanberis we motored to Carnarvon, where the grand old castle which Edward I built in 1283, still stands, majestic in its partial ruin.

Here Edward II, the first Saxon Prince of Wales, was born,

Chester, the Old Wall, and King Charles' Tower.

and he greatly strengthened and enlarged the old stronghold after he became king.

But it was the picturesque ruins of Conway castle which most charmed us. This castle was likewise built by Edward I, a little later than Carnarvon, and is considered the master structure of his architect, Henry de Ebreton, who also designed Carnarvon, Beaumaris, and other castles in Wales and England. Edward was himself beleaguered here by the Welsh, and was hard put to it, too, for a time, for the river Conway was so swollen that his English reinforcements could not cross over. But, as an old narrative has it, "the foaming flood subsided," and Edward was succored by his Englishmen. Hawthorne says in his English notes: "Nothing can ever have been so perfect in its own style, and for its own purposes, when it was first built; and now nothing else can be so perfect as a picture of ivy-grown peaceful ruin." Our picture of Conway Castle is by Chidley, of Chester, successor to our old friend, G. Watmough Webster, of that ancient city. This picture is un-

avoidably marred by the modern suspension bridge which crosses the Conway River at this place. It cannot be avoided, nor can it be eliminated, but it is obviously out of keeping with the antiquity of the castle ruins.

We motor on to Llandudno, perhaps the most fashionable watering place of Wales, where we make a brief stop. And then we pass out of the mountainous scenery entirely and tour along through smiling fields and past pleasant home-like cottages. The tail piece to this letter is a fair illustration of the latter, and the little landscape near Chester, which we are now approaching, is typical of the country near that old city.

But before we enter Chester again we visit Hawarden (pronounced Harden), which was the seat of Gladstone, in Wales, and is now in possession of his son. The house is modern and so lacks the picturesque qualities of the old castle, which is in ruins, overgrown with ivy, and rising in dignified desolation from a bank of luxuriant herbage.

Chester itself, though not in Wales, is too interesting and picturesque a city to pass over without a mention or an illustration.

A Welsh Cottage.

As a matter of fact I made many pictures here, of its fine old cathedral and the ruined Abbey adjacent; of its encircling wall, with the ruins of its Roman earth works and fortifications; of its quaint old English shops, and the "Rows" above them; but we have space here for one only, and I have selected for the purpose a section of the old wall near King Charles' Tower. Here that ill-fated ruler is said to have stood and witnessed the defeat of his royal troops on Rowton Moor in 1645. A picture of the cathedral is included in another letter which I write about English Cathedrals, a little later. But before we visit them we expect to make a coaching trip through the English Lake country en route to Scotland, and in my next letter I shall describe that interesting trip.

Coaching Through the English Lake Country

Copyrighted by

Coniston Lake from Beacon Craig.

G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

SIXTH LETTER

COACHING THROUGH THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY

Wythburn Church.

FROM Chester we journeyed by rail to Windermere, which is the largest and, in some respects, the most beautiful of all the English Lakes. Here we spent the night, and the next morning, before our coach started from the hotel, I made the acquaintance of a fine type of the old school landscape photographer from whom I obtained some excellent prints of Windermere and other lakes. It was well I did so, for the rain which usually falls, some time at least, during every day in English Lakeland, made no exception of this day, and I was unable to make a single exposure here. Mr. —— was a friend of John Ruskin, in his later years, and had some interesting intimate photographs of the famous author, inscribed to him in autograph.

At Keswick, on Derwentwater, I was fortunate enough to fall in with Mr. G. P. Abraham, the distinguished English landscape photographer, who has made a specialty of Lake and Mountain scenery. From Mr. Abraham I obtained the photographs illustrating this letter which are credited to him, and many courtesies as well, which I gratefully acknowledge.

The English Lake Country, beautiful as it certainly is, perhaps did not quite fulfil our anticipations of it from the pictorial point of view. Its charm is so largely due to the poetic and literary associations of the great authors who have made this country their home, that the American traveler is likely to feel some slight dis-

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The Home of the Swans, Wray Castle, Windermere.

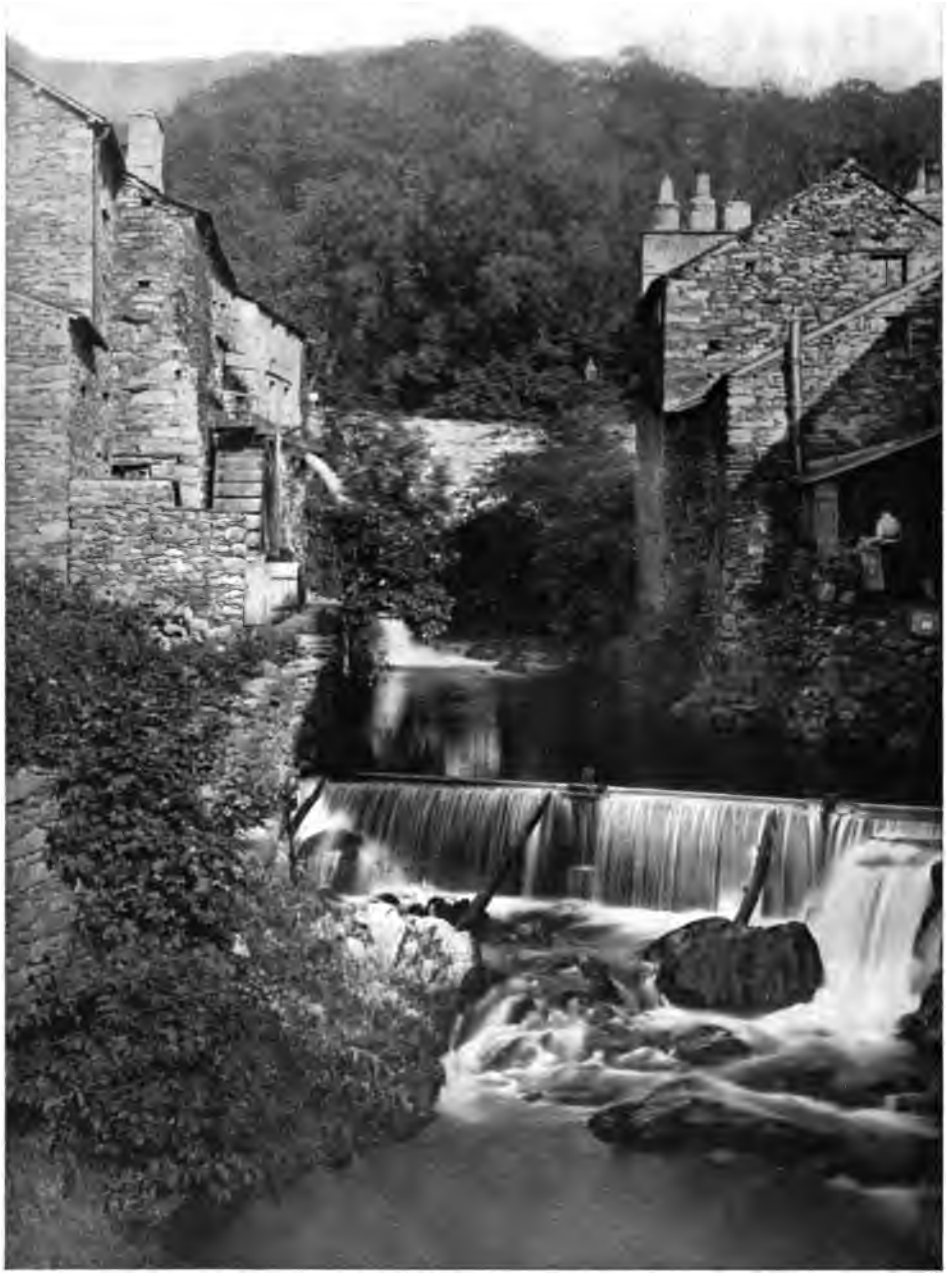
G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

Copyrighted by Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's House. G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

appointment that the Lakes and Fells are not more impressive in themselves.

The country undoubtedly has a certain mild and pleasant beauty of its own, apart from the glamor of romance and poetry which English men of genius have shed upon this land; but the lakes seem rather tame in their aspect, and scarcely to justify in themselves the rhapsodies of praise which the poets have bestowed upon them, or the reputation which they have enjoyed for great picturesqueness. If it were possible to remove from the landscape the literary associations which are so inextricably interwoven throughout this pleasant countryside, I apprehend that these lakes and hills would be but mildly enjoyed for the scenery which they afford.

It is, however, impossible not to feel the charm of association with which the gentle Wordsworth and the philosophic Ruskin have imbued this place, not to mention such well known and loved writers as De Quincey and Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, Robert Southey, and Harriet Martineau.



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Old Mill at Ambleside.

G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

Copyrighted by "Brantwood," Ruskin's House at Coniston. G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

Rydal Mount, on Rydal Water, where lived "The Laureate of the Fells," as Wordsworth has been called, has a charm and interest all its own from the fact of his long residence there. But Rydal Water itself would scarcely be called a lake in this country, so small and inconspicuous is it. The exquisite beauty of "The Clouds" and "The Mountain Echo," is bound to invest with charm, however, the spot where such noble poems were composed. Thus is the poet described by one who visited him in this house on Rydal Water:

"He took me by the hand in a way that did me good. There was welcome in his words and looks, as well as in the shake of his hand, and in less than five minutes he was taking me round his fairy dwelling-place and pointing out to me the most striking objects of the beautiful and glowing scenes around. He was rather tall and thin, with a countenance somewhat pale, and more thoughtful than joyous. Simple and courteous in his demeanor, and frank in his

Copyrighted by

Great Gable—The Needle Arête. G. P. Abraham, Photo., Keswick.

Yewbarrow, Wast Water.

remarks, he made me feel at ease. * * * 'All might find these secluded temples of beauty, but all will not give themselves the trouble to seek them,' he said."

The same is true of Brantwood, on Lake Coniston, where Ruskin lived, as well as the other haunts and places made famous in English Lakeland by England's men of letters. There are fifteen lakes in all, though all are not well known or often visited.

We coached from Windermere, in the morning, past Grasmere and Rydal Water to Derwent Water; in the afternoon driving around the latter lake to Keswick, where we later took train for the Scottish Border. We visited the falls of Lodore, celebrated by Southey's rather jingling rhymes, and made several pleasant side excursions, which, however, were rendered photographically unfruitful by the inclemency of the weather.

Copyrighted by

Derwent Bridge.

G. P. Abraham,, Photo. Keswick.

The frontispiece to this letter is an extended view of Coniston Lake taken from Beacon Craig by Mr. Abraham. It is fairly characteristic of the English Lakes, showing the surrounding hills, the trees, the occasional house, and the winding coach road. Coniston has been called "a Miniature Windermere." "The Home of the Swans," also by Abraham, is on Windermere, near Wray Castle, and is a most beautiful photograph, as it seems to me.

The initial letter illustration is of Wythburn Church, situated on a bleak hillside about half way between Windermere and Keswick. It is said to be the smallest church edifice in England, and on that account is often humorously referred to as "The Cathedral."

I procured from Mr. Abraham the excellent picture of "Brantwood," which was Ruskin's home for so many years at Coniston; and also the view of "Rydal Mount," where Wordsworth lived near Rydal Water. The Old Mill at Ambleside is also one of Abraham's artistic productions, as well as the Derwent Bridge, showing the picturesque lake cattle in the foreground with the mountains well outlined in the distance. I consider this a particularly fine example of landscape photography.

But Mr. Abraham has made his greatest reputation, perhaps, in photographing mountains. We have space left in this letter for but a single illustration of mountain scenery. If the lakes are considered by some as only mildly beautiful, the mountains are certainly very picturesque and impressive. They are wild, craggy, and barren; and while not so very high as measured from the sea level, they, nevertheless, rise so precipitously in many instances, from the valleys and plains below, that they create the impression of being much higher than they really are. The excellent full page picture of "Great Gable," is a good illustration of this. Another picture shows the fine dome of Yewbarrow at Wast Water, which is said to be the deepest of all the English Lakes.

In Scotland

Ruins of Melrose Abbey.

SEVENTH LETTER

IN SCOTLAND

Abbotsford.

WE JOURNEYED by rail from Keswick, in the English Lake country, to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. The rain which had prevailed for the most part in English Lakeland followed us north, and continued for a day or two after we arrived in bonnie Scotland. So we remained snugly established in Midlothian until the skies brightened again, which they shortly did.

Then we visited the ancient castle on the hill overlooking the city, and photographed it; drove about the interesting old city, photographing its splendid monuments and its extensive public gardens, made snapshots on Princes street, and spent a most delightful afternoon at Holyrood Palace, the former residence of the Scottish Kings.

The rooms of Mary Queen of Scots are still preserved substantially as they were used by that ill-fated Princess; so too are the apartments of Lord Darnley, one of her husbands, and the father of King James Sixth of Scotland, and the first of the royal house of Stuart to reign over England. Here was the scene of the cruel murder of Rizzio, the Italian favorite of Queen Mary, and they show you the spot in the vestibule of the audience chamber where he expired. Holyrood Abbey, which adjoins the palace, is now a picturesque ruins, and makes a very good photograph in the soft light of late afternoon. My picture shows the Castle, the Palace, and the ruins of the Abbey, with the mountain called "Arthur's Seat" in the background.

Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat.

The next day we started on our trip through the Highlands of Scotland, going first to Stirling, by rail, where we saw the fine old castle, memorable to all readers of Scottish history, and particularly to readers of that favorite of our youth, the romantic "Scottish Chiefs." By rail on to Aberfoyle, where we took coach for the Trossachs and the world-famous lochs and mountains of the Scottish Highlands.

While waiting for the grooms to change horses at Aberfoyle I made the pretty Brig o' Forth, with Crag Mohr for a background.

Now we are in the romantic country of Rob Roy and of Scott's ballads and historical romances. The coach road follows in full sight of the scenes and places made classic and interesting by the immortal works of Sir Walter Scott. We see where Fitz James' "gallant gray" falls exhausted in "the chase" which opens "The Lady of the Lake."

"Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant gray!"

The Trossachs, "Where Twines the Path."

Then the road passes on through the famous Trossachs "where twines the path" to lovely Loch Katrine. I give a half page picture of the former, and though the Silver Strand in the latter is now partially submerged by the rising waters of the lake, it made so beautiful a picture, at its best, that I procured a print of it from a local shop.

At Loch Katrine we leave the coach for a pretty little lake steamer, and pass around beautifully wooded Ellen's Isle, to the other end, where we take coach again and journey on to picturesque Loch Lomond. There we embark once more on a lake steamer and sail down to Balloch, amid the most beautiful and impressive scenery of the Scottish Highlands, as it seemed to me.

But it must be remembered here as in English Lakeland, that all these scenes are enhanced in the imagination of the beholder by the glamor of poetry, romance, and history, which is so intimately associated with them; and they cannot be judged apart from this as-

Brig o' Forth and Crag Mohr.

sociation. The Trossachs, for instance, are indeed truly beautiful, particularly when seen, as we saw them, on a bright sunny day, in July, with lovely shadows cast on the roadway by the oak leafage which almost arches the road in places. They are not more beautiful, however, than the drive from the Profile House, in the Franconia Notch of our own White Mountains. down the Profile brook valley to the Flume; nor are the scenes which we pass in the Trossachs more interesting in themselves than the Great Stone Face on Mt. Cannon, the lovely 'Emerald" Basin, the mysterious "Pool," and the remarkable "Flume," at the end of the drive.

At Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, the light was just right for photographing the falls which tumble into the loch at this place. About a mile from here is the famous cave of Rob Roy, and further down the loch, his "Prison." So we steam on past lovely wooded isles, with vistas of dim mountain peaks opening in the distance, for twenty miles or more, till we come to Balloch, at the extreme lower end of the lake, where we take train for Glasgow, and here we remain for the night.

A Highland Cottage.

The steamer trip from Glasgow down the interesting Clyde, past the vast shipping of this, the second city of the United Kingdom, is full of pictures. We pass through the noted Crinan Canal, and on to Oban, where a stop is made for the next night.

The picture of Oban harbor, showing the yachts riding at their anchors, with the pretty village itself in the background, was made at nine o'clock in the evening, while the sun was still above the sea, though near the western horizon. It lighted the harbor with that peculiar golden illumination which is so lovely a characteristic of this hour of the day in the far north. On this evening the twilight lingered till long after ten o'clock. I wrote by my window till ten, without artificial light, and went to bed while the sea and sky were still bright. Then the anchor lights of the yachts were set, one by one, and glimmered across the harbor like the first stars of evening.

The famous islands of Staffa and Iona are within a day's sail of Oban, the former being the site of the celebrated Fingal's Cave, and the latter contains the tombs of many of the early Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian Kings.

Oban Harbor by Twilight.

The next day we pursue our journey through the extensive and very beautiful Caledonian Canal to Inverness in the extreme North of Scotland. Here we make another stop, and the next day return by rail to the interesting City of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh is so full of literary and historic interest, and is withal so beautiful a modern city that we were extremely loth to leave it. The New Town has been growing and mellowing for a hundred years; there are memorials of the Old Town that have been aging for eight centuries.

We strolled once more along the magnificent Princes street, with its extensive public gardens on one side, from which rises the lofty monument to Sir Walter Scott, in Gothic impressiveness. This majestic avenue is probably the most beautiful city street in the British Isles, and is alone worth a visit to Edinburgh.

And there is the ancient castle in the background "rooted in a garden," as Stevenson has described it. "One of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements

and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the new town. It dominates the whole countryside from water and land."

But we have other places of equal interest and beauty to visit ere we leave Scotland. There is Melrose Abbey, probably the most picturesque ruins in the whole Island, to be seen, and to them I gladly devote a whole page. Then there is Abbotsford nearby, the stately home of dear old Sir Walter, and still in possession of his descendants. The initial letter illustration gives us a glimpse of that. I visited and photographed also the beautiful old ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter lies buried with his kindred, and the tail-piece to this letter is a pretty group of cottages at St. Boswell's, near this old Abbey.

Though the rain and dull weather interfered with our photographing in Scotland considerably, the climatic conditions there are nevertheless responsible for much of the charm of Scotch scenery. The gray mists soften and suffuse the colors on the hillsides, and give great variety and beauty to the country and the town. It is, as another has sympathetically described it: "Grey! why, it is grey, or grey and gold, or grey and gold and blue, or grey and gold and blue and green, or grey and gold and blue and green and purple, according as the heaven pleases and you choose your ground! But take it when it is most sombrely grey, where is another such grey city?"*

And who, having once seen the glory of the wild Scotch hills when the purple heather bloom transfigures them, can ever forget the transcending beauty of the scene. A little unsigned poem which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the time of our visit to Scotland suggests the spirit of the landscape so faithfully, its color and subtle charm, that I conclude this letter by repeating the stanzas.

They are entitled:—

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*The City of Edinburgh.

THE HEATHER HILLS.

Oh, the sheen of the heather hills, in lovely splendor lying
Against the far blue skyline, long slopes of amethyst,
Oh, the sweep of the bracken fells where lonely curlew's crying
O'er dusky green and amber, and heather's purple mist.

Oh, the light on the heather hills, the long rays softly falling,
Where whin and whortleberry are tangled gold and blue,
Oh, the gray and silver plovers by gray boulders calling, calling,
And the thyme in purple tussocks with its breath of honeydew.

Oh, the peace of the heather hills, like stairs to Heaven leading,
With naught between but God's blue sky, God's mighty rushing wind,
Oh, who could climb those purple heights and go their way unheeding,
Without a thought of new glad life, old sorrows left behind?

Cottages near St. Boswells.

English Cathedrals

Ely Cathedral, West Tower.

Canterbury Cathedral.

EIGHTH LETTER

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

York Minster from the City Wall.

MOST of the famous English Cathedrals are situated in the inland cities or towns of Central England, in the east, between the Scottish Border and London; and the principal ones may, therefore, very conveniently be seen on the way from Edinburgh, the capital of the North, to London, the great metropolis of the British Empire.

Exeter Cathedral, it is true, is situated in the city of that name in Devonshire, of which it is the capital, in the southwestern part of England; and it is distinguished for its magnificent West Front, which is probably the most beautiful of all. Chester Cathe-

Durham Cathedral.

York Minster Towers.

dral I have already mentioned in a former letter, though its picture I reserved for this; and Canterbury we saw and photographed on our way from Dover, where we disembarked, on our first trip to London. Majestic St. Paul's and beautiful old Westminster will be given in the following letter about London.

On our return trip from Edinburgh to London, after seeing and photographing the lovely old ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh we stopped first at Durham and visited the fine old Norman cathedral in that interesting historic town.

The first structure was erected here by the Monks in the Tenth Century as a resting-place for the remains of St. Cuthbert; and they were probably attracted to the place by its capability of de-

Interior of Lincoln Cathedral.

fence, situated, as it is most grandly, on the high, precipitous banks of the Wear. For this reason Durham has no western portal, and in this respect is unique among English cathedrals. It also has nine altars which is another unique feature of this cathedral. I give a picture showing the two noble eastern towers.

From Durham we went on to the ancient City of York where probably the most impressive cathedral, all things considered, is located. Our initial letter illustration gives a distant view of this cathedral, taken from the old city wall, which is shown in the foreground; and the half page picture shows the beautiful minster near at hand.

This cathedral is even older than Durham, the earliest church on this site dating back to the Eighth Century. It is considered the finest example of the decorated style in England, ornament being

York Minster.

nowhere spared, yet a simplicity obtaining, which is peculiarly pleasing. In its original stained glass windows York also excels all other English cathedrals; the oldest and most beautiful, the "Jesse Window," dating back to about 1200. The great east window is interesting owing to its enormous size, being second in that respect only to the window in Gloucester. In this cathedral, too, in the north transept, are the famous "Five Sisters," so-called, being five very beautiful old windows, each fifty feet high by about five feet in width.

Lincoln Cathedral was particularly interesting to us. In the first place it has such a good name! and then it is probably the most beautifully located cathedral in England. It crowns the hill on which the old city was built, and seemed to us to be the finest church

Central Tower and North Transept, Lincoln Cathedral.

Chester Cathedral from the Churchyard.

edifice in all of Great Britain. Other cathedrals may equal or even surpass Lincoln in certain respects; but, in the combination of size with delicacy of detail, effectiveness of both exterior and interior, good preservation, with the grandeur of its location, Lincoln stands without rival. The famous Lincoln "Imp" is here graven in stone, about which so many legends and traditions cluster. Our full page picture of Lincoln shows the impressive Central Tower, while the smaller one may give a faint idea, perhaps, of the beauty and delicacy of the interior structure and decoration.

The Towers of Ely Cathedral may be seen for miles, as you approach it, because of the flatness of the surrounding country. And as you draw near, the fine old trees in the park about it shade and soften its impressive outlines in a most picturesque and satisfying manner. The minster itself is of a design unlike any other in England. It is one of the largest and most imposing, "the most

individual," as Mrs. Van Rensselaer says, and the most varied. It certainly offers many picturesque subjects for the camera, in its beautiful park setting, and many were the pictures which I made of it. The castellated West Tower, which suggests military rather than ecclesiastical architecture, I show in the full page illustration accompanying, but I really think the more distant view of the cathedral from the park, rising as it does above the fine old English oaks surrounding it, is a better picture from the pictorial point of view, though it naturally shows less of the minster itself. I like to recall my last view of this imposing old pile rising through the trees to the fair summer sky above them, and the well-fed sheep browsing lazily in the shade of the foreground.

From Ely we went on to the University town of Cambridge and found this old city not less picturesque than Oxford, with which it is naturally often compared. The Chapel of King's College in Cambridge is the glory of the city as it is of the college, being easily the most beautiful ecclesiastical interior in the kingdom. Failure of light made it impossible to photograph this fine interior, though we were able to get good views of the famous "Backs" of Cambridge, which are the beautiful lawns and avenues behind the colleges extending to the winding river Cam.

Then on to London, the place of our beginning, about which I shall write in my final letter on photographing in Old England.

London

Nelson Monument, Trafalgar Square.

Houses of Parliament.

NINTH LETTER

LONDON

In Rotten Row

NOW we are in London once more. Having finished our tour through rural England, Wales, and Scotland, we have completed the circle and have returned to the place of our beginning. London! What impressions of power and of greatness it makes upon the minds of all who come within its immense sphere of influence. Capital of the British Empire, it seems, in a sense, to be the capital of the civilized world. There are a dozen Londons and each city is pre-eminent in itself.

Thames Embankment, from Hungerford Bridge.

One feels here the tremendous power arising from the vast accumulation of wealth, typified by the impregnable walls of the fortress-like Bank of England. Here is the Tower of London which grimly recalls the stirring historical events of an interesting Past; and the Abbey at Westminster, hallowed by the English dead that rest within its tombs. Impressive St. Paul's looms large above the city dwellings and shops, testifying to man's universal need for religious expression, even in the very heart of the world's greatest commercial city. The Parliament Buildings with their ancient historical associations; the Thames, and its magnificent embankment, on which they so grandly stand; the river's beautiful bridges, and its busy shipping; the markets, the public places, the thronging thoroughfares; all proclaim the great metropolis.

Then there is the Great Museum, with the scarcely lesser museums, the libraries, and the art galleries, stored as they are with some of the world's greatest historical, literary, and art treasures; the Royal Opera House, the theatres, and the hotels. Prob-

Westminster Abbey.

ably the most extensive and best-managed rapid transit system in the world is here, with its more than two hundred stations within the city's limit. Police and Fire Departments that are pre-eminent in efficiency. Horse and motor omnibuses that take you anywhere from everywhere. Shops that are a delight (to the ladies)! And a system of public parks and gardens that occupies fully one-tenth the total area of the city.

It is good to learn that the largest and finest of these parks are royal gifts to the City of London and its people, who are allowed untrammeled use of them. Here the children of the poor may sprawl on the grass and play contentedly. In the ponds and streamlets, beside which, in the old days, Kings sauntered, the youngsters of the slums fish with bent pins or scoop with small nets for sticklebacks. There is a delightful social suavity which knows no tyranny and needs none. The rangers are the friends of the people, and I noticed one the other day helping a little kiddie to a patch where

St. Paul's Cathedral.

daisies might be picked for daisy chains, then guiding another to a good fishing spot. Some one has said that these parks alone are sufficient to justify the institution of monarchy.

The bird life here is glorious. The trees are all a-twitter with songsters. In the ponds and streams a gorgeous variety of water fowl display themselves—giant white pelicans, black swans from Australia and white swans of England, all manner of ducks and geese and teal. Children bring crumbs and feed these birds, and also the pigeons, which in consequence reach a bloated size and are veritable aldermen of the pigeon world. On the meadows a few sheep are pastured and help to give a rural air to the landscape. In the larger parks deer are kept; and there you meet the only "don't" of these places of freedom; the public are asked not to feed the deer, which might suffer from mistaken generosity.

In a recent interview, Mr. John Burns, the laboring man's member of parliament, who loves his London, speaking of its parks

London Tower and Bridge.

said: "Look at them! I am not going to mention Battersea Park first because it is my electorate park, but because from its situation it is at once one of the most beautiful and the most useful. You should go on Saturday to see the cricket in Battersea Park, hundreds of little teams playing, all with real good grass pitches to play on. Now start from here and consider the number of parks, the Embankment Gardens first. Cross Whitehall and you get into St. James's Park. Through that and past Buckingham Palace, without a break in the green trees, you come to the Green Park. Traverse that, and by crossing one street you reach Hyde Park. Follow that on the left hand side and you come without a break to Kensington Gardens. Or follow it on the right and, with a brief break, you reach Regent's Park, and that runs into Primrose-hill, and there you are quite close to Hampstead Heath and Golder's Green; and after them the country. I tell you, no city in the world has such parks." There are no fewer than 300 little squares of park land in London besides the big parks. And even a brief residence in London convinces one that Mr. Burns' contention that it is the cleanest, the most efficiently administered, and the most progressive city in the world is undoubtedly true. It does not

make one less loyal an American to wish that our own cities were more like London in some of these respects.

After photographing from the tops of omnibuses the crowded streets, the public fountains and monuments, I strolled into some of these parks and found delightful subjects abounding there. The grass lawns are allowed to grow to some extent and so appear more natural than the closely cropped turf. They are of a glowing green that seems to be suffused with light, and when I was there they were starred with the English little white daisy, not half the size of our own. These were in such profusion as to make a kind of Milky Way on a firmament of emerald green.

On another day I followed on horseback the bridle path that winds beneath the trees, from park to park. The equestrian picture of the writer with his little riding companion which serves as an initial letter illustration to this article was made in famous Rotten Row, by the old photographer who has made a specialty of this kind of photography. He uses a plate camera, which he sets up in an advantageous position, where a good light falls upon his subject, and then, having previously focussed upon a spot in the road which he indicates to his subject, you pull up your horses, at the right place, he gives a low whistle, which invariably catches the attention of the animal; who raises his head, pricks up his ears, usually turns slightly toward the photographer, and the photographer presses the bulb.

On the day previous he made an excellent picture of the Prince of Wales as he rode by. He had photographed the Prince when he was a child and when opportunity offered reminded him of the fact; Prince George smiled, seemed to recognize his old photographer and good naturedly drew up his horse to a standstill for the old man to make another and better picture of him. The second photograph was excellent, catching His Royal Highness with the smile illuminating his face (the Prince's expression is habitually melancholy), and his splendid saddle horse in a most alert and characteristic attitude.

And now that we have completed our journey in Old England, with the side excursions into Scotland and Wales, I am conscious of the inadequacy of my photographs, and particularly of my sketchily written descriptions, to suggest the real beauty and charm of the places we have visited. They were written for the most part on the trips which they describe, often at night, after a full day of sightseeing and photographing, and were intended as explanatory notes of the pictures which they accompany, rather than as adequate written descriptions in themselves. If the letters and the photographs recall, with pleasure, similar journeys made by the reader in the past; or if they should stimulate his desire to make such a trip in the future (in case he has not already had such an experience), I shall rest content. In the latter even I venture to conclude with the hope that the opportunity may come quickly, and that it may be attended by a complete and entirely successful fulfilment.

In Conclusion

Loch Katrine and Ben Venue.

IN CONCLUSION

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TOURIST PHOTOGRAPHER

Ann Hathaway's Gate.

A FEW practical suggestions, growing out of my experience with the camera on the trips which the foregoing letters describe, may not be unwelcomed by the reader who is contemplating making a similar journey.

And first I will say a word in regard to the outfit. While I personally prefer glass plates to films for exact and deliberate photography, I must confess that the perfection to which the manufacturers of films have brought their products, makes it difficult for anyone to detect any difference in the quality of the prints which are made from film negatives from those that are made from glass.

Often, indeed, there is a pleasant, soft quality that characterizes a print from a film negative, which is lacking in the glass negative print. But the convenience of the manipulation, the absence of weight, and the portability of films, are the chief considerations which should decide the tourist photographer in their favor over glass.

Then, too, I have always advocated the use of a tripod for most photographic work, and I always carry one on my own trips with the camera; but I found comparatively little use for it on the journeys described in these letters. There are a number of the illustrations in this book made by timed exposures on a tripod; but I found it possible quite often to make a timed picture by resting my

hand camera on a conveniently located wall, the balustrade of a bridge, or from a coach or motor seat; so that the tripod, compact and portable as it was, could, nevertheless, very largely be dispensed with. The convenience of a hand camera of fair size (3 1-4 inches by 5 1-2 inches) using spool film, was proved to me by experience on this trip, as never before.

I always recommend the photographer to do his own developing, and even his printing, where possible; he should certainly perform both operations until he is quite proficient in them; but I know from experience that it is often difficult to do these things oneself, on a trip where darkrooms are infrequent, and time is limited. Arrangements by the dealers, moreover, for attending to all these matters for the traveling photographer are now so complete, that I personally took advantage of them on most occasions, and would advise the touring amateur to do likewise.

On most of the newer steamers excellent facilities are now provided for the photographer. The splendid new Red Star Liner, "The Lapland," for instance, has a well equipped darkroom, just off her promenade deck where it is most convenient. It has a red and deep orange electric light for non-actinic illumination, a good sized sink, with running water, capacious shelves for trays, plateholders, etc., and everything to make the ways of the photographer easy. And on the White Star S. S. "Canopic," returning from the Mediterranean, I found that one of the stewards was a pretty good photographer, and did developing and printing for the amateurs on shipboard.

But there are not many suitable subjects for the camera, at sea. In the first place, the weather conditions are not always advantageous. There is considerable mist and fog in the North Atlantic, even in the summer time, and often it rains real water, as it did on three days, at least, of our voyage to England. Of course there are the usual snapshots of the deck groups, etc., to be made on bright days; and occasionally a cloud effect at dawn or sundown, which is well worth attempting. The sea itself rarely makes an interesting photograph, however, there is too much foreground, or too much sky; and

Lynmouth.

withal, a certain dull monotony which it is hard to avoid, particularly from a steamer's deck, where you are some distance removed from the sea below it

The things which I found most interesting, as subjects, for my camera, were the seaman, either individually or in groups of two or three, at their characteristic occupations, or off duty, smoking and

spinning yarns. With a little cordage for a background, and the sea or sky beyond that, a typical, old salt, if taken unconsciously, makes a very interesting human subject. There are many strongly marked individual types to be found on a great Atlantic liner. The exposure should be instantaneous, of course; but the diaphragm should be rather generous—*f*16 I found on the whole most suitable.

And this leads me to the general subject of exposure, the size of the diaphragm, etc., on which I should like to say a few words. The size of the diaphragm, and the length of exposure. depend, of course, upon the amount of light, the time of day and of the year, and also upon the character of the subject, whether it be a dark or light object, whether the sun is shining full upon it, or from one side, and particularly whether it be near a body of water, in which case there is usually considerable light added to the subject by reflection.

There may be some guess work required in exposing the first roll of films in a foreign country by the beginner; but one learns by one's mistakes, and the second roll is very likely to be more accurately exposed than the first one. I recommend that a small memorandum book be kept for the purpose of jotting down the particulars of each exposure, as this enables one to profit by one's failures, as well as by one's successes. And it is an excellent plan to develop oneself, at least the first roll of film, in order to ascertain just now correctly one is diaphragming and timing one's exposures.

I found *f*16 to be a good average stop for the usual street scene and snapshot. On a particularly bright day, between the hours of ten and three, *f*32 was better. But with the latter stop, I generally set my shutter to expose in 1-50 of a second, while with the larger stop, I could use 1-100 of a second exposure. And when moving objects were to be photographed, particularly on land, I found I naturally got much sharper figures with the latter exposure. In snapshot work, I usually set my focus at 100 feet, as I could generally place myself so as to have all the principal objects in my picture fall beyond that distance, and so be in sufficiently sharp focus. The nearer the focus, the quicker the exposure required in order to get

Taken while it Rained.

an equally distinct image, so one should try to take near snapshots on bright days, as near noon as possible, in order that the quickest exposure may be sufficient.

For timed exposures, a much smaller diaphragm can, and usually should, be used, as thereby greater definition is obtained, and

the increase of time given is partially offset by diminishing the quantity of light admitted through the lens. I usually stopped down to *f*64 for my timed exposures.

One reason why so many of the negatives made during the summer vacation time prove disappointing is simply because they have too much light and too little shade. This is, in turn, largely due to the very common mistake of working too near the middle of the day. During July and August the light from seven to nine a. m. and three to five p. m. is so strong that it only requires about one and one half times the exposure of the midday hours. And when one takes into consideration the great advantage of a moderately low-down sun in giving long shadows, the extra exposure time is not worth considering as a detrimental factor. Moreover, it is in the early morning and late afternoon hours that we get the best atmospheric effects due to haziness of the air. The moral for the pictorialist in August is therefore:—avoid work between nine a. m. and three p. m.

And now, in conclusion, a few words in regard to the size and shape of the pictures, the point of view, and the method of printing. Often the best view of a subject cannot be made when the photographer sees it for the first time, on account of the direction of the light. The exposure should then be deferred until the illumination is just right, so that the best possible picture may be made. Hand cameras are usually of a shape that makes the upright picture seem most natural to make; but there are many subjects, in fact, I think I may safely say that most subjects, particularly landscapes, look much better in a horizontal picture. It is only necessary to turn the camera, and with it the finder, in order to make the photograph in that position.

Study your subject first, carefully and in detail, and then decide intelligently what point of view gives the most pictorial effect; what lighting, whether morning or afternoon, or late twilight is most pleasing to the subject; and whether an upright or a horizontal picture is going to make the best composition. Then make your exposure deliberately, under just the conditions which you have

Melrose Abbey.

decided are the best for this individual picture, even though it requires, as it frequently does, your return to the place on the following day.

When the film or plate is developed, and the picture is made, there is still room for considerable improvement of your picture by the way it is trimmed. Because the negative is a certain size and shape is no conclusive reason why the printed picture should be of exactly the same size and shape. Usually a little judicious trimming greatly improves the pictorial effect of a print, and sometimes I have found that to ruthlessly cut away a large part of it, makes an effective picture of what was before rather uninteresting and perhaps not particularly well composed. I have even found that there were two interesting smaller pictures to be found in a single larger one. The tail piece to this chapter, for instance, was cut from a larger picture, which was greatly improved thereby, and, at the same time, gave the little picture of London Cabs, which is quite complete and effective in itself.

There is, of course, room for all kinds of taste in making the print. Of late the fashion seems to be, if I may use the word, for black and brown tones, and rather rough surfaces on the prints. On the whole, the present taste for matt surfaces seems to me to be an improvement over the highly polished print of an earlier day; and for most subjects, the dark brown and sepia tones are well adapted to the average landscape or snapshot.

After suitably trimming and assorting your prints, mount them loosely on heavy sheets with liberal margins; or, what I personally very much prefer, preserve them in a substantially bound album, with gray or soft brown tinted leaves.

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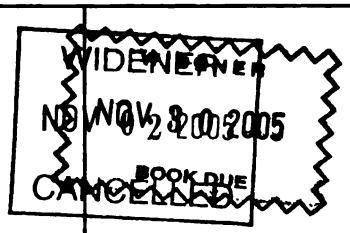

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